

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

### BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND NEWSPAPERS.

I resume my brief notes of rare books, which should, I think, interest my readers. I do not profess to arrange them in any order of importance. The first that I find is George Cruikshank's "Discovery Concerning Ghosts, with a Rap at the Spirit-Rappers. Dedicated to the 'Ghost Club.'" (Fred. Arnold, 86, Fleet-street.) I did not know that there *was* a Ghost Club in 1863, though I am well aware that there *is* one now. If any of my readers can refer me to any evidence on the subject I shall be glad. Of course, Cruikshank was a jester, but that he should have written at all on the matter is worth noting. The book is described as "illustrated with cuts." The most striking is that of a man, hat in hand, with no head. A cut with a vengeance. The next that meets my eye is a pair of "Ghosts of Stockings," hung on a clothes-line. I never heard of any "Ghosts of a Stocking." Decidedly that eminent person, Mr. Cruikshank, knew nothing of the subject that nevertheless attracted him. He had better have left it alone. His "raps at spirit rappers" are feebleness itself.

My next book is "Ancient Mysteries Described, especially the English Miracle Plays founded on Apocryphal New Testament Story, extant among the unpublished MSS. in the British Museum, including notices of Ecclesiastical Shows, the Festivals of Fools and Asses—the English Boy Bishop—the Descent into Hell, and much more that is curious (1823)." To face the title is a portrait of a fool, which must be admitted to do him justice. The "Descent into Hell" is quaintly illustrated with a plate that apparently represents various persons with the devil behind them. They are curious persons, and the devil is more curious still. As a matter of fact, the plate was engraved by Michael Burghers from an old drawing made for Hearne, the Antiquary. Dr. Johnson refers to "The Descent into Hell" in reference to the word "aroint" ("Aroint thee, witch"). Dr. Johnson says that he had found the word nowhere else than in Shakspeare, until he looked into "Hearne's Collections," where was the drawing, to which I have referred, thus described by him: "St. Patrick is represented as visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one, that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with the words 'out, out, arongt,' of which the last is evidently the same as 'aroynt,' and is used in the same sense." The engravings in the book are extremely quaint and interesting. I may recur to them.

Most Spiritualists know the name of Chauncey Giles. If they will read his "Spiritual World and our Children Three" they will have a treat. I remember in days that are long gone by getting much nutriment and also much refreshment from Chauncey Giles. In this particular volume (1875) he deals with a wide variety of subjects. "The Nature of Spirit and the Spirit's World," "Men in the World of Spirits," "Man's Preparation for his Final Home," "The State of Man in Hell," "Man in Heaven." A sufficiently discursive *menu*. Then he goes on to children, but I have no room for them.

Then I have "La Bruja: The Witch, a Picture of the Court of Rome: found amongst the MSS. of a Respectable Theologian, a great friend of that Court." I like that word "respectable." It adequately describes the book. The date is 1840 and the publisher is Hatchard, 187, Piccadilly. I am not proposing at all to deal thoroughly with these books at present. They will come up for reference hereafter. I think my readers will agree with me in regarding them as worth attention. It seems to me that in calling attention to this class of literature I am directing the inquiring mind in the right direction. Anyone who wishes is perfectly welcome to borrow these curious books, so long as I am in London. I desire to be of service to anyone: but I am hampered by ill-health.

I am trying to show my readers what is going on in the world. We must not get too insular. Consolidation is the thing we should seek. United effort and pleading of it is what we want. There does not seem to me any doubt that what is being done now will bear its fruits hereafter. What I want is to see some fruit now. We have been a great number of years gaping, now let us study. It is high time. Let us see what these things mean. Who governs what we call "phenomena," who is controlling the whole matter. That is better business than watching tables doing queer things.

### THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.—T. P. OCHILTREE.



## THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF HYPNOTISM.

### INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS IN LONDON.

At the recent session of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology Hypnotism was the leading feature.

The first paper on the subject was by the veteran Dr. Liebeault, "to whose persevering and benevolent practice of hypnotism on his poor clientèle at Nancy," said the president (Professor Sudgwick), "the present progress of the science is so largely due." Dr. Liebeault's paper described the case of a woman who had been seized by monomania tending to suicide, and who was cured by hypnotic suggestion. Having enumerated several simple forms of intellectual disorder and others rather complicated, which had already been dispelled by the same method, which consisted of substituting by suggestion true or false ideas, the writer said he thought similarly he might obtain still more remarkable successes even when the disorders of the mind of the subject were more complex. Whether the patients under treatment slept lightly or profoundly, Dr. Liebeault believed that in insisting on making them repeated affirmations of their cure and in multiplying the seances, it ought to be possible to deliver from their tendencies those who had become subject to suicidal monomania, especially if, as in the case described, the cure were undertaken within a short period of the morbid attack. It had only needed fifty-eight or fifty-nine seances, lasting half to three-quarters of an hour each, for the complete cure of the monomaniac. Dr. Liebeault hoped the result would be durable, and he proposed to renew his seances from time to time in order to cause morbid habit to definitely disappear.

Professor Delboeuf (Liège) said that at all times the mind of man had been capable of influencing the body, but it was only in recent times that this action had been scientifically put in evidence. Was it necessary for this purpose to put the brain into an abnormal condition? Was that which was called hypnotism a state against Nature? Not at all. The question carried the answer with it. To hypnotise a person was to persuade him that he could or could not do a thing which he believed he could not be prevented from doing. This persuasion might be directly produced, but it might be also indirectly produced. The indirect method consisted in producing artificially that which was known as hypnotism, and it was only the development of suggestibility, the exaltation of the will. Take, for example, a high official whose nervous, agitated state had rendered him unhappy for twenty years. He showed to him without sending him to sleep that he had the faculty of not feeling pain. He passed a needle through his arm without making him jump. He showed to him in that way the power of his will. That will had only to be directed against his nervousness. The subject understood it, and was cured. In mental maladies the mind must act on the mind, the healthy part of the brain on the diseased part. He cited the case of a woman possessed with the idea of killing her husband and children. Every day she asked herself on rising if that was not the day for her to accomplish her murders. He defied her to call out the morbid thought while he looked at her. Having succeeded, which was easy, he announced to her that the following day from eight to nine she would not be able to think of killing those who were dear to her. Success was, so to speak, inevitable. By degrees it was possible to charm away the morbid ideas for two hours, then for a day, then for a week. The cure was accomplished. Was there any mystery in that? Was there the production of an abnormal condition? Evidently not. Apart from the starting point, which was the conviction of the subject that he was dealing with a man endowed with a curious power or that he submitted himself to a curious treatment, the subject had been simply led to act by his own will on the ideas which he thus arrived at dispelling.

Experiments in hypnotism followed, the operator being Dr. Bramwell, of Goole. He presented four patients, all of them well known to him, and in respectable positions, one being a carpenter, another a shoemaker, a third the wife of a sea captain, and the fourth a girl of that class. It was said that Dr. Bramwell had recently painlessly extracted teeth from the woman without throwing her into the hypnotic trance, by merely ordering her not to feel pain. The suggestion was efficacious except in the case of one tooth, with regard to which she had previously formed the conviction that she would have pain, so that her self-suggestion overbore his suggestion in that case. The same patient suffered from

severe myopia, only being able to read the third line in the ordinary table of test letters. Dr. Bramwell caused her by suggestion to be able to read all her lines—that is to say, to show more than ordinary long sight. This operation he now repeated. He put the woman back into her former myopic state at the word of command, and by word of command again she appeared to be immediately relieved. The spectators warmly applauded the demonstration. Dr. Bramwell contends that with all his patients he is able to produce the same satisfactory results by the mere command in the waking state that he had previously produced in a trance. Referring to the question how far a patient can suggest to him improvement in his own condition, Dr. Bramwell mentioned that the mere fact of his giving a written order to a patient to sleep enabled that patient to take out the order, read it, and go to sleep whenever he needed it. He had repeatedly sent patients to a dentist carrying with them a written order not to feel pain. This the patients read when they sat down in the dentist's chair. He has at the present time patients who go to sleep by reading the order to do so. These orders were said to retain their power when Dr. Bramwell had not seen the patients for weeks; in fact he had, he said, been repeatedly called upon to give them new pieces of paper when the original talisman had been worn out. It was stated that the sea captain's wife had been in the habit of taking sea voyages to London from Yorkshire, during which she was invariably sick; but since Dr. Bramwell had made a suggestion to her not to be sick she had made five passages and enjoyed every meal. As regarded the dangers of hypnotism, Dr. Bramwell believed they were easily avoided by a little care on the part of the hypnotised. He had been accustomed to impress on his patients that they were entirely free to accept or refuse his suggestions. In one or two cases he found his declaration of freedom had been too impressive, because the patient when separated from him for some time had supposed that he would not be able to renew the influence. Several experiments in demonstration of the claims put forward by Dr. Bramwell were received with loud applause by the audience.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

### ON PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

The following appears in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" of August 6th, having been written by Mr. Edward Maitland on accepting the invitation to join the Advisory Council of the World's Congress Auxiliary:—

Considering that the object of psychical research is the elaboration of a science, not of individuals but of universals, and therefore not of men but of man, would not your motto "not things, but men," better read, "not things, nor men, but man?"\*

In view of the facts, first that the results of such research in respect of the phenomena obtained depend largely, if not wholly, on the degree of psychical unfoldment attained by the researcher himself; secondly, that owing to the liability of the medical profession, from the nature of their studies, to have their mental horizon limited to the merely physical and physiological, while the possibilities of psychical research are not thus bounded, but indefinitely transcend such horizon, reaching to the spiritual and the divine; and, thirdly, that endeavours are being made to obtain legal enactments restricting psychical research in respect, at least, of one of its departments, that of hypnotism, to the medical profession; in view of these facts, is it not advisable that the committee enter an emphatic protest against the proposed restriction, and in favour of leaving such research wholly free and unfettered, and open, therefore, to all who, while devoid of medical qualification, may be naturally endowed with the other qualifications necessary to enable the science to be expanded to its full extent, thereby securing to the world the benefit of the highest knowledge attainable by such means?

THE cause of Spiritualism is not languishing as many suppose, but is rapidly taking hold of the intellectual, cultivated classes, and infusing its spirit of progress and reform through all the ramifications of society, in religious, literary, and social circles. It is the leaven that will eventually leaven the whole mass of mankind.

\* Our correspondent does not notice that the motto he criticises is that of the World's Congress Auxiliary, not of the Psychical Science Congress, whose motto is, "Psychics and Physics—Two Sides of one Shield."—Ed. "Religio-Philosophical Journal."



**MRS. HOWITT-WATTS.**

The portrait that we present to our readers this week is that of one of the most distinguished Spiritualists, one of the workers who have most advanced and adorned the subject which we have at heart.

Mrs. Howitt-Watts was the elder daughter of William and Mary Howitt. She was born on January 15th, 1824, and died on July 23rd, 1884. She had been a student under Kaulbach at Munich, and published in 1853 "An Art Student in Munich," which gave the first account of the Oberammergau Passion Play. (A second edition was published in 1880 by De La Rue, with some additional chapters.)

In 1856 she published "The School of Life," a novel. In collaboration with her husband she published in 1874 "Aurora: A Volume of Verse," some of which is familiar to our readers.



MRS. HOWITT-WATTS.

Some of Mrs. Watts's drawings, by spirit power, are known to the readers of "LIGHT," who will doubtless remember the account given of them. "To work with outstretched hand and concealed face" was her motto.

We must not forget to refer to her "Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation," nor to the numerous articles with which she enriched the periodical Press of Spiritualism. In everything she did were grace and beauty, constructive ability and intellectual power.

To the dry facts which we print above we add a touching memoir which we have permission to print. It was written in 1886 for the information of a few intimate friends.

**AN AFTERGLOW.**

The purpose of this paper is to display some comforting aspects of Truth, as revealed in certain phenomena connected with the decease of my wife.

She died, to this condition of existence, at Dietenheim, a village in the valley of the Pusther, in the Austrian Tyrol, at two o'clock in the morning of July 23rd, 1884, suddenly and unexpectedly, after less than a week's illness, from disease of the heart supervening on diphtheria. I was at the time in England, on the point of joining her. I had had no prevision of any kind of this calamity, though I had had a warning, about six weeks before, in an incident causing me, at the moment, a general sense of disquietude which might have vaguely prepared my mind, if I had permitted myself to dwell upon it, for some such calamity. A large engraving after Stothard of the "Procession of the Flitch of Bacon at Dunmow," which had always been regarded

by us as figuring in some sort the peace and unity of our domestic life, and was hung in our bedroom in consequence, fell down from the breaking of the cord.

Nor was this all that, in the light of subsequent events, is deserving of note in this connection.

On the night preceding my wife's death, a few hours only before the event, viz., July 22nd, 1884, my servant, who is not inexperienced in spiritual phenomena, possessing at times the gift of open vision, informed me that on going to my room to prepare it for the night she had seen on the pillow of my bed two white forget-me-nots. Neither my servant nor myself had the smallest idea that my wife was in any danger. I had had a letter from her that very day.

On the morning of the following day, July 23rd, I received intelligence of my wife's death, as I have said, at two o'clock that morning, and left town for Dietenheim by the evening mail.

My servant, whom I will describe as J., was deeply attached to her mistress. Restless and solitary in her own room, she took advantage of my absence to come down and pass the night of this sad July 23rd in her mistress's bed. About one o'clock—she had not gone to sleep, she tells me—her mistress entered through the door, looking much as usual. She did not, at the time, appear to notice J., but passed round the bed in which she was sleeping to my bed on the other side, and seemed to be searching for me. She then uttered the word "An-nie"—her name—separating the syllables, as though articulation were difficult to her, and then disappeared. Later, in the early morning, being still awake, J. heard her voice in the room saying solemnly, "Take Comfort!"

On the following night—July 24th—at about the same hour, J. says she presented herself again, visibly to the eyes, "surrounded by a beautiful bright light" which appeared to proceed from her and completely to fill the room. The night-light burning in the room seemed to go out. She looked again, apparently in search of me, kneeling by my bed, and disappeared. The vision lasted some considerable time. She was dressed as usual in the evening, and her lace headdress and veil were fastened in front by a bunch of violets. She did not speak. J. says that when she saw this appearance she had not gone to sleep.

The following experiences of two of my wife's very near and dear friends I give as communicated to me by them, spontaneously and without concert.

"On Wednesday, July 23rd, early in the morning," writes O.T.G. on the 27th, "the dear one came to me in spirit, and talked to me, and we had such converse that when I came down I said to D., 'I have dreamt dear Annie was here, and she walked and talked with me as if she were in the flesh. Yet more, we seemed face to face, and needed not words to express thoughts.'"

This lady had become aware of my wife's death only by the newspaper of the 26th, my letter apprising her of it having miscarried.

On the same day, July 27th, another friend—L. M.—whose remarkable psychical gifts are well-known, writes to my sister in acknowledgment of the intelligence which she had received on the preceding day, July 26th, as follows:—

"By the light of what happened in the Tyrol on Wednesday last, I am enabled to understand a curious experience. On Sunday last—July 20th—I sat down to write to your beloved sister and another friend; but just as I had begun my letter a death warning which I have had on other occasions came to me, and I was so upset by it that I put my writing away, though I had no idea that the warning was to prepare me for the translation of my dearest friend. On the Wednesday, the 23rd, I was impelled," she continues, "by no cause that I know of, to look for and wear a little neck-tie that Mrs. Watts gave me in 1873, when I was visiting her, but which I had forgotten all about until the impulse now came upon me to wear it. This tie had been packed up ever since my husband's death, and I had not seen it for ten years until last Wednesday. Now, seeing that my friend's death was caused by a disorder of the throat, I think it curious that I thought of her gift for the neck on the day of her death. I am sure she came to me two nights ago (July 25th), though I did not see her face."

This latter experience L. M. described to me later more at large. She said she was awakened by the presence of a female spirit with the head covered by a veil. She said, "Who are you, dear spirit?" The spirit held out both hands, but did not speak.



L.M., as I have said, did not become aware of my wife's death till the following day.

Another friend, much esteemed by my dear wife, W.S.M., mentioned to me later, quite spontaneously, that he also had had analogous experiences at the same time, but of these I have not a record.

On my return from the Tyrol in the month of August, I was not without hope that my wife might be able, as I was sure she would ardently desire, at some genial moment, not only to be present with me, but to manifest her presence in some way in which I could identify it. My mind was tranquil, and in a calm receptive condition. Twenty-five years of companionship had endowed me with a considerable measure of the faculty of feeling her presence in life, even when not aware that she was in the room; and this gift, seemingly of a spiritual nature and applicable, it might be, to the altered conditions of our mutual life, I hoped might still endure. But week after week passed, and all was a blank.

I was sensible, however, of the repeated presence of her father, the late Mr. William Howitt, of whom I had no reason whatever for thinking, and whose interposition between us was not, in the then state of my feelings—if I may say so with all respect and regard for his memory—either expected or desired by me. I had also an abiding impression that my wife was much fatigued and was needing very long repose, and that this might perhaps account for my feeling no sense of her presence.

On September 2nd, L.M. writes: "I have seen the loved spirit twice. The first time she was with her father. On the second occasion she had a silver swan with her, and in her hand she held a very large silver pen, which looked like a palm branch. She was without the shining veil. Her father says she is unable to talk at present, but will soon do so."

September 17th. Another friend, E.O., a life-long friend of my wife and a medium, is staying with me. She says: "They say she will come to-night." I am awakened in the night and notice about me manifestations of a pressure, especially at my right cheek. Then I doze off and awake suddenly with these words laid as it were on my tongue: "I am quite happy!"

Soon after, I go on a visit to my friend, L.M., in the country. She tells me she has seen much of my father-in-law, the late Mr. Howitt, who has lately visited her repeatedly. He informs her that my wife has required much rest. "She was in more need of rest," he added, "than he had been when he had entered the spiritual life at a very advanced age. She had not been in a fit state to communicate." L.M. was not aware of my own previous impressions on this subject. In the afternoon of the same day, while conversing on other matters, L.M. informed me that my wife was then present, observing: "Had she not a pet dog?" I replied, "Certainly not!" "I inquired," she continued, "because she is accompanied by a dog—and it has a pen in its mouth! She does not speak." In the evening L.M. informed me that my wife was again present, this time without the dog, but accompanied by her father, who stated that she had been awakened from her state of repose for the purpose of availing herself of the opportunity of manifesting her presence for my satisfaction. L.M. said she looked tired and leaned on my shoulder, and said: "My husband to Eternity." I had no sense myself of her presence, only a sleepiness and aching in the nerves of the teeth. I have been informed by another medium on whom I can rely that both these symptoms occur with her at times in the presence of a spirit.

The signification of the emblems associated with my wife, as communicated in L.M.'s letter and in the manifestation of this afternoon, viz., of a swan and a pen, and a dog with a pen in his mouth, is not absolutely clear, but it is a noteworthy fact that my wife and I possessed twin writing secretaries, and that upon the lid of hers is carved a swan, and upon that of mine a dog with a letter in his mouth. L.M. had never seen these pieces of furniture before, not having been in our house since we purchased them.

On October 10th, L.M. writes: "Ever since you were here I have had a most holy and peaceful feeling come over me when I think of my beloved friend. Mr. Howitt says: 'Ever since she met Alfred here she has been in a state of rapt repose! She could not, however, enter perfectly into this peaceful condition until she met Alfred here, though I assured her I had been to him and comforted him. She had an idea that I did not understand Alfred, and she said she feared I should worry rather than comfort him. But now

she is so far satisfied about him that she can take her much-needed repose in perfect peace and trust.'"

December 6th. I had appointed to meet W.S.M. at the Wellington Club. Was sitting in the drawing-room there, awaiting him, when I felt a drowsiness, and then the presence of my wife, who laid her face against my cheek. It was so real and remarkable that I looked at my watch to verify the time. It was half-past four. When I got home in the evening, J. said: "My mistress has been here, sir! I was sitting by the fire in the drawing-room. She looked to your chair, as though expecting to see you! I said you were gone to the club to meet Mr. M., and she disappeared." I inquired what time it was, and J. replied she "should think between four and half-past." I had not mentioned my experience to her.

December 15th, 1884. L.M. writes: "I have seen your darling wife twice lately, and she wrote the word 'Comfort'—her spiritual name—once while I slept. She told me she had been able to give you a sense of her presence, but had

not been able to communicate outwardly with you; but she said as she gained strength even this would come."

In the following month or thereabouts I was the subject of an experience with which I will conclude this narrative. I had been reading Mrs. Oliphant's "Sympneumata," and was reflecting upon it in my arm chair, when I became sensibly aware that my dear wife had passed into me bodily. As I watched with much interest this extraordinary phenomenon, I perceived that our mutual relations of body were becoming exchanged. The spiritual body of my wife within me—by which I mean her combined form and spirit—gradually expanded until, instead of being within me, she entirely enveloped me, and I perceived myself to be sitting within her; and for the first time I comprehended the full meaning and literal truth of the words of Jesus Christ, "I in you, and you in Me." The phenomenon was not evanescent, but remained operative, as I have described, in the one form or the other, for some time, and the change from one state to the other was gradual. While I was watching it with deep interest and curiosity, my servant came in as usual for our evening reading. I bade her sit down till I was at liberty. She did so, and then I heard her say, as it were to herself, "How wonderful!" I inquired what was wonderful. She replied: "It is that when I look at you, sir, I do not see you, but—my mistress!" I had said nothing of the experience I was watching.

January 24th, 1886.

A.A.W.

He that opposes his own judgment against the current of the times ought to be backed with unanswerable truth; and he that has truth on his side is a fool as well as a coward if he is afraid to own it, because of the multitude of other men's opinions.



## SPIRIT IDENTITY.

ADDENDUM TO THE CASE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

By "EDINA."

Since my former article was written and forwarded for publication, I have received some more information from my friend in Edinburgh on the case. He states that in the reference department of the Public Library here, he found a work in eleven volumes, entitled "Library of American Literature," edited by Hutchison and Steedman, and that he discovered in Vol. V. a brief biographical notice of Payne, with extracts from his works, beginning with "Home, Sweet Home," and in the sketch it is stated "He was buried at Tunis, but his remains were re-interred at the charge of the late W. W. Corcoran at Washington in 1883. A volume of his collected works edited by Gabriel Harrison, with a Memoir, was published in 1875."

It will thus be seen that the place of final interment of this American dramatist and author is Washington, *not* Boston, as I supposed. There remain only four leading points in the message still to be cleared up. (1) Is there a place of sepulture in or near the city of Washington known as the St. George's Cemetery? (2) Is there a monument in the graveyard dedicated to the memory of John Howard Payne? (3) Is there a bust in existence (either on the face of the monument or elsewhere) of this American author and actor? and (4) Was this bust modelled by a sculptor named "Jackson of Boston"?

The medium informs me that (as is most frequently the case in the first message) she has not yet seen this communicator, so we cannot identify his portrait which I am now informed is prefixed to an edition of his works which can be seen in our reference library.

Standing the case on the facts now ascertained, I am strongly of opinion that the message is from Payne, or, if not, that it proceeds from some person intimately connected with his life and history, and who is now also on the other side. The verification of the message has already been most complete, and I can certify to the total ignorance of any one of our household as to the life history and literary career of this American actor and author.

Here, I would venture to point out what seems to me to be a noteworthy circumstance in connection with the communication purporting to come from John Howard Payne, viz., It was written within a very few days after the visit of an American friend to our home, and to the best of my recollection a written promise of a message from "J. Payne" was given by another American communicator who came and wrote through my daughter at the last of our three seances with our friend from the other side of the Atlantic. Further, it has to be kept in view that at all the three sittings messages came emanating from persons who described themselves as having been when in earth-life resident in various cities on the American continent. This would seem to me to imply that our friend in his journey to the "Old Country" was attended or watched by spiritual intelligences utterly unknown to him when they lived here, but who, although they are now on the "other side," simply for the purpose of making known their former American citizenship to him, and to us, took the first opportunity afforded to them of telling us of their continued existence on the other side. The case stands somewhat in the same category as our experiences at C. There, a visit to the village brought with it certain messages from former residents now on the other shore; while in the present instance an American's visit to our home brought with it a series of communications purporting to be written by former residents in the States, some of which I trust will be verified on careful inquiry. There I leave this point for the present, but trust to be able in dealing with some later cases to enlarge further on this question of spiritual environment, or "association," which seems to me to be a very interesting and important one. Meantime I shall be glad if any of your readers can afford us any information regarding the four points still unverified in the case of John Howard Payne, which, as I said at the beginning, is, in my judgment, an interesting and important contribution to the study of spirit identity.

On re-examining the message, I find the year 1807 refers to the publication of the work called "The Past Time," and not to Payne's appointment as Consul at Tunis, the date of

which is not given. As he was born in 1792 he could hardly become a Consul at the age of fifteen. The error crept in here, from the communication being at this point a little rambling and incoherent.

## A VISION.

From the "Carrier Dove" (San Francisco) we extract the following remarkable recital, which appeared originally in the "New York World" :-

Samuel Karnow is a cigar manufacturer at No. 78, Sixth-avenue. The Karnow household is blessed with two bright little boys, Leo and Max, respectively four and a-half and three years old. They were missing from home Monday night. Naturally their mother could not sleep. At 6.30 o'clock Tuesday morning she located them without stirring from her room. She believes she did so while in a semi-conscious state.

Mr. Karnow missed his boys in the middle of the afternoon Monday. He at once began a search. An emotional person put him on a false trail by remembering that he "saw the boys following a brass band in the neighbourhood of Fourteenth-street."

He followed this clue vainly. Then at the suggestion of some of his neighbours he reported the matter to police head quarters. Hoping that the children would be picked up, the anxious father waited at the station until morning.

When Mr. Karnow got home his wife was pacing the floor in an agony of fear. He consoled her and insisted that she should lie down. About daylight she reluctantly consented. To the father himself sleep was out of the question. At six o'clock he had determined to go back to the station and offer a reward, fearing that the children had been kidnapped and held for ransom. His wife called him hastily. He says the voice was unnatural. He found that she had risen and was nervously dressing herself.

"Papa," she said simply, "baby is crying for me. Don't you hear him; he's locked in the closet of the vacant house across the way. Leo is holding him."

The house in which the Karnow family live is a double one. Their apartments are above the cigar factory. The connecting apartments are vacant, as are the two storey above, on both sides of the stairs.

Mr. Karnow had no confidence in his wife's vision. To humour her he led the way to the vacant rooms. An examination of the second and third floors revealed nothing. But on the fourth floor they heard the cry coming from a closet: "Mamma! Papa! I want dink."

The spring latch was thrown back. In another moment little Max was in his mother's arms. Sure enough his elder brother Leo had been holding and consoling him through the long night.

The children had suffered terribly. In another half day they would have died. Master Andrew Leary, whose father is a janitor at No. 106, Waverly-place, had also been lost, and was the first to come out of the closet. He stretched his legs and ran home. Leo assisted himself out, but little Max did not stir till his mother took hold of him. It was some time before he revived.

The children had been playing in the vacant rooms and went into the closet, thoughtlessly closing the door after them. The spring latch caught and they were prisoners.

## THE LILIES.

Silent as the watchful Moon,  
Pale as Death, yet full in bloom,  
Ghosts of goodness gone away,  
Taught my soul this fitful lay.

Loveliness is like a flower  
Doom'd to linger here an hour;  
Born in Heaven, beaming light,  
Cast by Mercy o'er the night.

Beauty wasn't meant for lust,  
Love's devourer, deadly dust,  
Soiling heart, and healthy whole,  
Poisons life, and wrecks the Soul.

From acts done in former lives,  
What we're doing now derives  
Its form, its figure, and designs,  
And just as metal hides in mines,

But when the gold is brought to air,  
Is beaten out and rendered fair,  
So shall Beauty thrive and stay,  
And never, never fade away.

—G. E.



OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"  
2, DUKE STREET,  
ADELPHI, W.C.

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## Light :

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

[ "M. A. (OXON.)" ]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27th, 1892.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

**Business communications** should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

### THE DEATH OF COLONEL JOHN C. BUNDY.

Spiritualism has sustained a severe loss by the removal from his external activities of John C. Bundy. He did a work in America—that nursery of thought—which can be appreciated only by one who, like myself, has followed it week by week for many years.

He was a cordial co-operator with every truth-lover. Like the rest of us he had his own views of truth. I never found them much in conflict with mine. We may both of us have been wrong, but it remains that we were in accord. How much of that which has disgraced Spiritualism he routed out of it I cannot now tell. All honour to his name, and all respect to his work. I cannot now say more of a man that I was proud to call my friend. A worthier hand does that. Dr. Elliott Coues knew him well, worked with him in close accord, and gives me the privilege of presenting to my readers one of the most touching memoirs I have ever recorded. Work, work, work is the burden of life. It kills us, but though

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,  
His soul goes marching on.

Dr. Coues writes thus :—

I have already informed you by cable of the deplorable and irreparable loss which the cause of spiritual truth has just sustained in the transition of the Editor of the "Religio-Philosophical Journal." Colonel Bundy passed on at 1.35 in the morning of August 6th, after long suffering, bravely borne. We were hopeful of his recovery till some hours before it became evident that he must yield in the unequal contest. I am as yet without particulars of the sad event, but am fully informed to the date of the latest mail which could reach me from Chicago in this remote place.

My friend was for years a sadly overworked man. His nature was intense, and he threw himself with all the forceful passion of his disposition into whatever he undertook. His devotion to his life's work for what he believed to be the truth was absolute. He was his own merciless taskmaster. He spared neither foe nor himself. The "Religio-Philosophical Journal" was his second self and only those who know the whole history of that paper can appreciate the difficulties he overcame and the obstacles he surmounted, to make it what he did—the representative of the highest and best Spiritualism in America. Latterly Bundy threw himself heart and soul into the Psychical Science Congress, in which he saw a great means to a still greater end.

Notwithstanding overmuch toil and trouble, Colonel Bundy's health seemed fairly good, and his energy inexhaustible, during the several years we sustained intimate and

confidential relations, till the breakdown came, some months ago. He used to complain now and then of blinding headaches, which, to my medical eye, augured ill, as they were hemieranial; but warnings, if not unheeded, were at any rate of no actual effect in inducing him to desist. When I passed through Chicago in September, 1891, bankrupt myself from the grippa and just what else I was always giving Bundy good advice about, he seemed a fairly well man, and in position to retaliate on me. His good ringing letters followed my wanderings for some time on the Pacific till they were interrupted, I think in January or February of this year, and then I heard that he had been down with the universal pest. Returning to Chicago in March, I was constantly with him for six weeks, while our plans for the Psychical Science Congress matured and the official machinery of the organisation was set fairly in motion. He was at his usual avocations, but I often found him on the sofa in his office, instead of at his desk, with his noble devoted wife standing guard against needless intrusion. Shortly afterwards Colonel and Mrs. Bundy joined an excursion of the American Editorial Association to the Pacific coast, and we all hoped much from this temporary release from the exactions of editorship. But this hope was elusive. In the first letter I had from him on his return he said, "I am a very sick man," in a tone—if I may say "tone" of written words—I had never heard before; and a brief scrawl or two finished word from him direct. I think the last one accompanied proofs he sent me of my article in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" of July, in which I had something to say of yourself. It was characteristically to the point: "Hurry up these proofs for next week, Coues!" Then silence—will it ever be broken?

I gather from Mrs. Bundy's letters, during the painful weeks of her devoted vigils, that Colonel Bundy contracted a violent pleurisy which resulted in pulmonary abscess and consequent fatal septiciemia. The last-named alarming symptoms seem not to have developed till very shortly before the end came; and though the case was grave from the beginning, we had much to hope for from his constitutional strength and indomitable will-power, and even discussed what we should do with him as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to be moved.

Humanly speaking, I can see no mercy, no justice, no reason, no necessity, no fitness whatever, in the removal of Colonel Bundy from worldly activities, on the part of any higher power there may be in control of the destinies of men. Others besides myself who watched the painful struggle were half persuaded that he must live to complete a full-rounded career of eminent usefulness and honour; there seemed to be too much for him still to do and dare in the cause he loved; there seemed to be due to him, too, a larger measure of the fruit of works than he had received. Short-sighted I may be—but I am neither resigned nor reconciled, nor have I any compromise with intelligent powers—if any such there be—who have not intervened to avert this evil thing. Those spiritual forces which should have triumphed are defeated in the death of this man. There is no man in America who might not have been removed with less untoward result in the great issues he served so bravely and so effectively. Another may take, but no one will fill, the place he made his own. No common soldier has fallen in the ranks; this one was his own standard-bearer! What Spiritualism in England would be without Stanton-Moses—which the fates forefend!—that is the same cause now in America without John C. Bundy.

This is no biographical sketch—merely the spontaneous tribute of a friend in great grief. I have nothing to say of Colonel Bundy's early life, of his patriotic services in the Civil War, or even of the causes which combined to make him a Spiritualist with an abiding faith in the pivotal point of his belief. But there are some points in his character as I knew it that may be touched upon. The elements were very much mixed indeed in his composition. Perhaps he was not wilfully misrepresented as often as he was simply misunderstood. In fact, I doubt that he understood himself very well. He was a bundle of contradictories, with all that that implies—something more than the usual defects of qualities which we all have. A child might lead him now—horses could not hold him then. He generally obeyed his intuitions, but kept a sharp eye on them withal, and oftener allowed them to deter from than impel to action. Here I am reminded of the influence ascribed to the daemon of the old Greek philosopher. Not that Bundy was much of a



philosopher, in the scholastic sense of the term. Such philosophy as he had was eminently worldly, practical and easy-going—a sharp glance, a shrug of the shoulders, and a quick retort would cover it. He was an enthusiast, but with the check-rein. He was of the stuff that goes to make a fanatic, but does not go very far when diluted with such sound common-sense and shrewd worldly wisdom as Bundy bought and paid for in the course of his experiences. If his ideals, aspirations, and ambitions were humanly beyond the possibilities of realisation, nevertheless he pursued them, and shot higher than one could who aimed lower. "Genius," says someone, "is patience." "Genius is the length of time a man can sit at his desk," says another; if either of those definitions be correct, Bundy had genius; and that quality, moulded by his environment, unhappily more imperative than I wish his circumstances had been, made him what he was.

Every strong character has enemies. Strength is a challenge, as weakness is an appeal, to the world; and strength is never more persistently challenged than when it includes an element of subtlety. Bundy not only had enemies galore—natural and necessary enemies, which he ought to have had, and which I honour him for having earned—but, also, I fear, sometimes made enemies of some who would have been his friends had his attitude towards them been a little different. His spirit was ardent; this quickened his temper, and his anger was more easily aroused than quieted. The world knows more, perhaps, of his aggressiveness and of his uncompromising hostilities, than of those greater qualities to be presently named. But we may remember that there are times to fashion weapons, and times to turn them into ploughshares; soldiers must sometimes uphold the Cross. Bundy was the best fighter I ever knew. The man who had Bundy at his back might fall, but he knew it would be a fight to the finish after that. There was not a white feather in all his plumage, and no enemy ever saw his back. He died as he lived, face to the foe. The Lord hates a coward. He must have loved Bundy.

After Bundy's splendid courage—his absolute fearlessness—comes his transparent truthfulness and honesty. He might concede much to our common infirmities, our follies, or even our fleshly vices; but dishonesty and untruthfulness he neither tolerated nor condoned. He wanted the truth always and all of it, and nothing else; compromise was impossible in this regard; he was even unequal to those innocent fictions which most persons consider indispensable lubricants of life's machinery. Here was a rock of offence against which he often stumbled. He would not deviate by a hair; and much that has been set down as "aggressiveness" was simply such straightforwardness; for then, if anything stood in the way, something had to give way, and it was seldom Bundy. He hated shams and pretences; he despised presumptions and hollowesses; he detested hypocrisies, and everything that set up to be something that it was not. He knew, too, that these things are in the world only as they are represented in person, and I doubt that he ever loved the sinner of the sin that he hated. It was first punish, then pray for evil-doers—and if the latter operation took as good effect as the former generally did, then justice and mercy would be alike subserved.

It was just his unflinching and unswerving course towards his own ideals of right, and his inability to blink anything he thought wrong, that strewed the flints in his pathway. The Editor of what is distinctively a "class" paper, dependent for its support upon subscription, and the very apple of his own eye as a means to the ends to which his whole life was a sacrifice, he never stopped to dicker with a question of expediency, or policy, or self-interest, when a matter of right and wrong came in question; he never stopped to consider which side his bread was buttered; and when he dropped a piece it was generally with the buttered side downward. He did it open-eyed, too, knowing exactly what he was about, and what the consequences would be. He did it from conviction, as a matter of duty; he had moral principles, strong convictions, and a keen conscience: what to these were subscribers more or fewer? What is stronger than such a sense of duty? What is higher or broader or truer than such a policy, impolitic though it appear in the slowness of the grinding of the mills of the gods?

Singular as it may seem after what has preceded, I think Colonel Bundy was one of the best judges of men and women I ever knew. I came to place almost implicit confidence in his opinion of the character of persons with whom we had

to do, mutually or respectively. He was very rarely deceived. He often fortified my own judgments; when we differed I usually felt less confident, and generally found him nearer right than myself. In the whole course of my acquaintance with his paper, I never knew it to be more than once clearly mistaken in its editorial estimate of a person, or in its statement of an occurrence; and that error was instantly detected, acknowledged and exposed with a manly candour which I wish were more common. The reliability of the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" has been for years of the very highest that a paper can hope for—not by any means that we must believe everything printed in it, but that Colonel Bundy's own statement of fact is almost invariably correct, and his own judgments at a very high rate of accuracy in discrimination. I have often had occasion to admire the dogged perseverance with which he would follow up a clue, not less noiselessly than relentlessly, giving no hint of what he was about till he had the facts in his grasp, and the proof of them to show. Then he spoke out; and then it was that those winced that the truth galled, till their writings were painfully in evidence and their outcry discordantly resonant.

This gave the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" much of its really great strength, in the estimation of all fair-minded persons, and made its Editor a terror to evil-doers of the class to which the paper appealed. It may be said with entire truth that every fraudulent medium in America feared Bundy more than they did God Almighty. For the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" is a weekly, and God's visitations are at less frequent intervals.

Many circumstances have combined to present Colonel Bundy to the world full-armoured and with couched lance. Few know the amiability and gentleness and real sweetness that adorned his character in private, and made such warm, staunch friends of those who were admitted to his intimacy. Like all men of intensity, his sympathies were as active as his antipathies, and his affections as strong as his animosities. No one with an eye for physiognomy could look at his delicate dimpled chin, of almost feminine mould, without seeing something in contrast almost startling with the quickest and most flashing eye imaginable. Here was the fire and force that the world knows; there the softness, even weakness. There is a rare pathos in the way such contraries react upon each other in collision with the way of the world. Only those who know the working of the inmost man can appreciate at what cost and with what pain the continual struggle goes on in the privacy of the soul between warmth of heart and steely coolness of head, when one determines to do, from a sense of duty, those things from which one shrinks instinctively through fear of giving pain. Bundy took himself very seriously indeed. Aside from any right and reasonable personal ambitions, he believed that he had a great work to do in the world, and determined to do it. The world will judge the measure of success he achieved; but only his friends know at what price. Bundy was at heart a modest man, diffident and often distrustful of those very powers he continually put to the utmost test. He felt acutely the full weight of those responsibilities he had assumed; and I know that at times with him, as with most of us, a sense of helplessness, of human weakness, fallibility and impotence in the face of the unfathomable mysteries of life and death, was sorely oppressive. But he never flinched, and shirked nothing; and he died as he lived, true to his convictions.

It is too soon to venture any estimation of the full results of Colonel Bundy's life and works. It takes time for the fruit of works to mature. The movement of which Colonel Bundy was a factor must go on till we can look back and view it in proper historical perspective. Large as his share in affairs has been, I know that he expected little reward for his labour in this life. But I cannot close this inadequate though very sincere tribute to my friend without a word concerning the Psychical Science Congress, now promising such great results.

To Colonel Bundy, and to him alone, is due the credit of originating this Congress, and giving it its initial movement. He first broached the subject to me more than a year ago. I heartily fell in with his intentions, though too ill at the time to take any steps whatever to the end we had in view. He meanwhile moved in the matter, had the committee appointed, and the outlines of our plan of operations were drawn on consultation last September. The matter then



laid over till last March and April, when committee meetings were held in Chicago, and the project practically matured. If most of the work, and certainly more credit than I deserve in comparison with Colonel Bundy, has since fallen to my share, that is simply because he was already a stricken man, whom death was quick to claim. In all that this Congress may grow to be Colonel Bundy's name cannot be too warmly remembered or too highly honoured. I have already taken the requisite official action in view of his removal by death from the committee, that, as he would wish, no interruption or delay may occur in the progress of the work.

I am not authorised to make any statement with reference to the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," but I assume that it will appear as heretofore.

Cranberry, North Carolina, U.S.A.

ELLIOTT COUGS.

August 8th, 1892.

### WANTED—A PHONOGRAPH FOR THOUGHT.

FROM THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

In "Lucifer" for July 15th the Editor, in "On the Watch-Tower," notes with appreciative satisfaction that science day by day goes more and more in the direction of confirming the teachings of Madame Blavatsky and her masters. It must be admitted that this is not altogether ground for rejoicing, especially as Mrs. Besant tells us that as the result of a belief in reincarnation we may expect to see—

The influx of a numerous and depraved class, from those who lived amid the rotting ruins of Roman civilisation, the brutal, cruel, dissolute youth of Rome, of Constantinople, of Alexandria, and of many another city. The thought-bodies then formed are the moulds into which will be and are being built the sad prison-houses of those Egos, and the alcohol-soaked and poisoned materials provided by our drunken classes form the fittest bricks for such gloomy edifices.

This is not a pleasant prospect surely, but why these rascals of the Lower Empire are due just now Mrs. Besant does not tell us. A more pleasant subject for her meditation on the Watch Tower is to be found in an article which is quoted from the "English Mechanic," by Professor Edwin J. Houston, an American electrician, entitled, "Shall We Have a Thought Machine?" The object of his article is to argue that as we have a phonograph for recording speech, we should have an instrument which would record thought without the intervention of speech:—

Thought (says the Professor) is accompanied by molecular vibrations in the grey matter of the brain, and these brain molecules, like everything else, are immersed in and interpenetrated by ether; this being so, their vibrations must set up wave-motions in the ether, and these must spread out from the brain in all directions. Further, these brain-waves, or thought-waves, being thus sent out into space, will produce some phenomena, and reasoning by analogy we may expect that—as in the case of sound-waves—sympathetic vibrations will be set up in bodies similar to that which generates the waves, if those bodies are attuned to respond. Again, reasoning by analogy we may expect—as in electric resonance—that such oscillations would be set up as are found when electric waves are sent out and, meeting a circuit in consonance with them, set up in that circuit oscillations like their own.

In view of these facts, which are well ascertained, Professor Houston considers that it does not seem improbable that a brain engaged in intense thought should act as a centre for thought-radiation, nor that these radiations, proceeding outwards in all directions, should affect other brains on which they fall, provided that these other brains are tuned to vibrate in unison with them.

Light waves are etheric vibrations, and it would seem that these brain-waves should "partake of the nature of light." If so, why should it not be possible to obtain, say, by means of a lens, a photographic impression of them?

Such a thought-record suitably employed might be able to awaken at any subsequent time in the brain of a person submitting himself to its influence thoughts identical to those recorded.

Mrs. Besant says:—

All these discussions about etheric waves would start from a firmer basis if it were generally remembered that such names as light, sound, electrical disturbance, &c., are all descriptive, not of the phenomena, but of their effect upon us. In Nature they are all etheric vibrations; translated through our sense-organs they appear as many differing sensations. Alter your sense-organs, and what is now light might become sound, fragrance might become visible. And with different ears we might listen to the morning stars singing together, and see in many-coloured radiance the harmonious concert of the birds.

PURE heartedness gives its last finish to intelligence, its hue of healthfulness, its cast of greatness to even speech on the commonest topic.—DR. ALLON.

### ADDRESSES OF MR. MINOT SAVAGE.

No. II.

#### LONGFELLOW'S "THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE."

There is one theme that, alas! is always timely that which deals with human sorrow. Concerning this, the last word is never said; and it never will be said until we reach the city of our hopes, where (we are told, and love to believe) there will be "no more sorrow nor crying," and where "all tears shall be wiped away." After all is said and done, questions remain; doubts, like clouds, shut out the sunshine, and shadow our lives; for, as Lowell bluntly expresses it:—

Not all the preaching since Adam  
Has made death other than death.

Why preach, then, or say anything about it? Because, first, merely to speak our griefs in sympathetic ears does unburden our hearts. And, once more, though the cloud remains, we can now and then shoot through it some rays of light, and tinge its blackness with some gleams of rational trust.

There are losses in some of our homes so new that their first fresh bleeding is not yet stanchd. And a hundred other losses that, though months and years be passed, will never grow old. The heart that loves leaps across the reach of years, and thinks of long ago as though it were yesterday. Not alone do I speak to you, then, whose door-knobs have recently been tied with crape. I speak to all; for who of us is there that does not keep a sacred bit of crape somewhere in our hearts?

One word let us bear in mind all through. If we cannot answer all our questions and solve all our doubts, it does not follow that they have no reason, or some day may not be answered. The one great thing for us to learn is that we may reasonably trust and hope, and so to look upon life that we may live it bravely and nobly.

I take for my text a poem of Mr. Longfellow's, "The Chamber over the Gate":—

Is it so far from thee  
Thou canst no longer see,  
In the Chamber over the Gate,  
That old man desolate,  
Weeping and wailing sore  
For his son who is no more?  
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago  
That cry of human woe  
From the walled city came,  
Calling on his dear name,  
That it has died away  
In the distance of to-day?  
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,  
There is neither there nor here,  
There is neither soon nor late  
In that Chamber over the Gate,  
Nor any long ago  
To that cry of human woe,  
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past,  
The voice sounds like a blast,  
Over seas that wreck and drown;  
Over tumult of traffic and town;  
And from ages yet to be  
Comes the echo back to me,  
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere, at every hour,  
The watchman on the tower  
Looks forth, and sees the fleet  
Approach of the hurrying feet  
Of messengers, that bear  
The tidings of despair,  
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,  
Who shall return no more,  
With him our joy departs;  
The light goes out in our hearts;  
In the Chamber over the Gate  
We sit disconsolate,  
O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief  
Bringeth but slight relief:  
Ours is the bitterest loss,  
Ours is the heaviest cross;  
And for ever the cry will be,  
"Would God I had died for thee,  
O Absalom, my son!"

In one way, this little poem alone is sermon enough. Its simple, age-long, and world-wide pathos calls up at once a thousand memories, that take us each one by the hand, and lead us back into the past, that never will be dead to us. The lost are with us again. We are playing again at



mother's feet, though she put her hand on our heads and blessed us for the last time many long years ago. The widowed wife hears again the well-known footstep of her home-coming husband, though that footstep has long been only the memory of an echo. The still widowed husband, who will not think that ever death has broken his wedding ring, feels the light touch of his wife's hand on his shoulder, though the last time he looked at it through his tears, it held in its nerveless grasp a flower, whose paleness was no whiter than itself. Fathers and mothers see laughing faces peering through the doorways, hear voices shout in the halls, and the hurrying tramp of little feet, to be "bothered and worried" with the noise of which they would now give all their wealth. Perhaps, the best sermon of all would be for me only to suggest, and then leave you alone to dream of these things, until your memories are chastened, your hearts softened, your lives made sympathetic, and your hands wide-open toward all that suffer and are heavy-laden. If we do not grow selfish in the exclusiveness of our sorrow, out of these experiences come the fairest flowers and the sweetest fragrance of human love and goodness.

And my purpose is not to intrude myself or my words too much or too long. Our little poem has a hundred gateways of suggestion, that lead out over the wide wastes of human desolation. My only wish is to pass out through a few of them, and see if, from the desolate fields themselves, some flowers of trust do not spring, and if, through the cloudy skies, some stars of hope and peace do not shine.

1. The nearness of that far-off cry that—from the Chamber over the Gate—echoes in our hearts, across the wastes of thousands of years. We may not know much of David, and the larger part of his life it may be difficult for us to sympathise with or understand. But, as we listen to that stricken cry, every father and mother in the world instinctively stretch out their hands to the old, half-barbaric king, and feel the thrill of kinship and brotherhood as he bows in agony over the memory of his dead boy.

There is neither far nor near,  
There is neither there nor here,

as regards this old, this common, this always strange and always new experience of loss. Whatever men may say or think about the unity of the race, here, at any rate, we are one. And the unity goes deeper than that, and touches us with a sense of kinship with whatever lives, and is therefore able to feel. And I, for one, do not envy the man who can look unmoved at the empty nest of a bird, while the bereaved mother rings out on the forest air her startled cry over the loss that has fallen on her leafy home. Out of this sympathy that disdains not the sense of kinship with even the lowest thing that can suffer will some day come the death of all the world's cruel sports. Barbaric man delights in even human torture. We still have enough of the barbaric in us so that we can delight in pleasures that mean torture to the lives below us. The day shall come when the words "one of the least of these My brethren" shall reach clear down to the deeps, and hold in the bond of sympathy whatever has a nerve to feel a thrill of pain.

2. This problem is ever old and ever new. Through all the ages runs this dark thread of suffering and loss.

There is neither soon nor late  
In that Chamber over the Gate.

From "the ages that are past," and from "the ages yet to be," comes that voice of human woe.

Over seas that wreck and drown,  
Over tumult of traffic and town,

it ever rises. When we are in the mood to see and feel it most keenly, the whole past of human history reads to us like a tragedy. It is from the keenness of this feeling that spring those systems of philosophic pessimism that declare human life to be hopeless and the world as bad as it can be. Only a few years ago, a brilliant book was written, called "The Martyrdom of Man." It teaches that every age of human history is only a bloody sacrifice of suffering for the sake of making the next one a little better. If we only look at one side, of life it sometimes seems so. And I know that some of you have a sympathy so tender and a sense of justice so keen that it is hard for you to see any good or possible meaning in what seem the unequal sufferings of human life. Let us look at this, then, for a little.

And, in the first place, we talk much of the inequalities of human pleasure and pain. But who of us knows enough

of human hearts and human lives to know that, in the long run, they are not equal? We have no rod to measure with; for it is a matter of personal feeling, of heart-secrets, and of experiences that are never told to the world. We may gauge outward careers and happenings, but these are only half. And even here we may fail, because our standard of judgment may not be at all that of the ones we judge.

Sensibility may differ, running up and down a grade of almost infinite degrees. What hurts one keenly another may be largely indifferent to. Desires differ. A loss of social standing may take away almost all that one person cares to live for. Another, in like case, would need no pity; for to him the demands of society are a burden; he is glad to escape and be quiet. Cincinnatus cared more for his plough than he did for the society of Rome. Many a man cares more to see his cabbages take root and his vines blossom than he does to watch the growth and blooming of any society scheme. It is largely a matter of comparison with past conditions. The man who had nothing, when he has laid aside a hundred dollars, feels rich. The man with a million, who lost a hundred thousand by the last manoeuvre in State-street, feels poor. The child in a patched-windowed shanty may be supremely blest with some bits of broken dishes for a mimic tea and rag dolls for guests; while the child who has everything its parents can think of to buy may be miserable because some new thing cannot be found to give a new sensation. It is often a matter of secret experiences that the world may never know. Some of you, perhaps, who are called happy, who are thought blest by envious mothers because death has never visited your homes, are yet carrying in your secret hearts the bitter memory of a sin, committed by yourselves or someone dear as life, that you would gladly exchange for a quiet grave over which you could weep pure tears of a holy sorrow.

It seems to me, then, that we do not know enough of human life to give us the right to say that its apportionments of joy and sorrow are unjust or unequal. A world of wisdom is in that old Pagan story of how Jupiter one day permitted all who would to come together, throw down their burdens in a pile, and pick out from the common heap any other that they would in place of their own. Many tried this one and that; but, at last, they all chose and carried off their own again.

In the next place, we have to note one thing that at first sight seems a discouraging fact. It is beyond dispute, I suppose, that the capacity for suffering increases as man develops and civilisation advances. The wider the range, and the grander the capacity of a musical instrument, the greater in variety and compass the possibility of discordant sounds. As the nervous system increases in quantity and complexity, so increases the possibility of feeling; and feeling is only a capacity, and a capacity equally of joy or sorrow. We cannot see how Omnipotence itself could make it otherwise. The civilised man, the man of taste and refinement and culture, the man who loves broadly and tenderly, such a man is shocked and hurt and pained by a thousand things that strike on the dull nerves of one less developed and less finely strung, and produce no answering sensations of distress. I say, I cannot see how this could be otherwise. The more a man can feel, the more he can enjoy; but, also, the more he can suffer.

Is civilisation, then, a mistake, whose necessary goal is misery? By no means. This law of increasing susceptibility to pain carries in it a wondrous power of adjustment and compensation. Indeed, this fact of the increasing capacity to suffer is that which points with certain finger to the final extinction of pain, or, at any rate, to the narrowing of it down within the smallest limits of possibility.

We have learned to suffer not only from those things that smite on our own bare nerves and make them tingle, but the growth of imagination is such that the whole world's burdens are rapidly coming to be laid upon our hearts. When the meanest slave was struck, a man like Garrison felt the lash. When a child was torn from its mother in Carolina, a woman like Lucretia Mott felt the hand of cruelty clutching at her own babe. When a poor dray-horse falls beneath a brutal load and a more brutal blow, a man like Bergh feels his own muscles torn and quivering.

It is out of this imaginative sympathy, that puts itself in another's place that the world's world-wide philanthropies are born. Because the artist is sensitive to beauty, he can bear no ugly thing about him. Because the ear is keen to



suffer from it, the musician avoids a discord. And, because men feel more and more the world's burden of sorrow, they will struggle year by year to make the earth a place of joy. Thus, the increasing possibility of pain will see to it that more and more the causes of pain are removed.

3. We must glance now a moment at the commonness, the universality of this cry of pain and loss.

"Somewhere, at every hour,

says our poem, come the

Feet  
Of messengers that bear  
The tidings of despair.

But it also goes on to say

That 'tis a common grief  
Bringeth but slight relief:  
Ours is the bitterest loss.

Why tell a person, in the freshness of his grief, that "death is common, and must come to all"? He knows it only too well. And, though ours must be the bitterest loss, it is poor comfort to know that some other heart is also wrung with pain. And yet it is a kindly intention that tells us so; and the instinctive attempt at comfort is wiser than it knows. This commonness, this universality of the cry that echoes from the Chamber over the Gate, has in its heart two or three suggestions that whisper to us unspeakable hope and consolation.

Were death only occasional, did it come only now and then, come only to some races or some ages, it would indeed seem to be an unfathomable mystery. And mystery indeed it is still. But this one thought always forces itself upon me. Unless the universe is all bad—unless there is no God, no love, no goodness, no hope—then it seems to me to be an unquestionable truth that, *whatever is necessary and universal in the nature of things must be good*. Love, goodness, hope, created by or developed from the nature of things, are facts. I cannot help believing then that death is proved to be good by the very fact that it is common and belongs to the order of the world.

Another lesson comes naturally out of this universality. This lesson is that of unselfishness; and it teaches us to remember that others suffer and want sympathy and help as well as we, and that the truest comfort for our own sorrows is to be found in wiping away the tears from, and kindling the light of smiles on the faces of others. This lesson let me give you in the words of one of Buddha's Parables:—

A Hindoo mother gave birth to a son. When the boy was able to walk by himself, he died. The young mother carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went from house to house, asking if anyone could give her medicine for it. Some regarded her as mad. But a wise man said: "I cannot cure your son, but I know of one who can attend to it. You must go to him; he can give medicine." Then she went to him, and said, "Lord and Master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my boy?" He answered, "I know of some." She asked, "What medicine do you require?" The sage replied, "I require a handful of mustard-seed taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or servant has died." The mother then went about with her dead child, asking for the mustard-seed. The people said, "Here is some mustard-seed. Take it." Then she asked, "In my friend's house has there died a son, a husband, a parent, or a servant?" They replied, "What is this you say? The living are few, but the dead are many." Then she went to other houses. But one said, "I have lost my child"; another, "I have lost my parent"; until at last she said, "This is a heavy task I have undertaken. I am not the only one whose son is dead. In the whole country, children are dying, parents are dying." The woman went and laid her child down in the forest, and then came to the teacher. He said to her, "Have you received the mustard-seed?" She answered, "I have not. The people of the village told me the living are few, but the dead are many." Then he said, "You thought that you alone had lost a son: the law of death rules all." Then the mother devoted herself to helping others.

This, which Buddha saw hundreds of years before Christ, lives still as the secret of the noblest consolation. Never does our burden seem so light as when we are trying to help another whose strength is giving way. The light of sympathy, shining out of eyes that are weeping, flashes like a rainbow of hope across the shower of human tears. The divinest thing on earth is help. And blessed are those that learn it, even at the price of heart-break.

But, when all is said and done, that cry from the Chamber over the Gate still wails across the waste of buried centuries, and finds, first or last, an echo in every home. For one, however, I cannot believe it a hopeless cry. I do not believe it is wailed out and lost in the deaf aisles and galleries of a dead universe. The Power that develops life and love in human hearts is itself life and love and an infinite heart. There is an ear that hears and a tenderness that pities. I know no modern knowledge that forbids this faith. Rather does it seem to me a necessity of all we know. I have no time to argue this matter now. I only tell you what I believe, and what I think I have ground for believing. I do not think it scientific to doubt that goodness is the very heart of the universe. For faith itself is grounded in and produced by the nature of things. Listen to the wail of sorrow we must. With white lips, we must sometimes ourselves give it utterance. But we are only as

An infant crying in the night.

Above our troubled waking and our troubled sleep alike watches our Father and our Mother—God. And in the morning, when the sun is up, we shall see the divine face looking into our wondering eyes with an infinitely tender smile.

### THE DEVIL'S BAIT.

A FABLE OF YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

Once upon a time—it was when the world was young—a Child-Pilgrim chanced to Earth. He was of the Children of Light; he was ever glad; his soul knew not the meaning of sorrow, nor of sadness.

And it came to pass that the Prince of Darkness, looking over Earth, saw the Child that he was beautiful. And forthwith Satan coveted him, for his beauty's sake, that he might have him for one of his Angels.

Then did Satan seek converse with the Child; but the little Pilgrim heeded him not, for the Children of Light do not understand the language of the Kingdom of Darkness.

For long time did Satan try, in divers ways, to win the heed of the Child, but in vain. And daily the Child grew more beautiful, and gladder of aspect: and daily waxed fiercer the desire of the Prince of Darkness that the Child should be one of his Angels.

And after a time it came to pass that the Prince of Darkness went back to Hell, to take counsel of his Mighty Ones there how he might approach the Child. And they said, "Teach him to desire."

And Satan bled him back to Earth once more, and, in a country that the Child must pass through in his pilgrimings, planted a Red Rose. In the perfume of the Rose did Satan fix a charm (the name of the charm is Longing); and the blood-red colour of the flower did he mix with a magic spell (the name of the spell is Passion). And till that time there had been no Red Rose ever known throughout all the world.

And it came to pass that as the little Pilgrim came near unto the Rose its perfume went out to meet him, and the Child was intoxicated with its fragrance, and a strange yearning welled up in him, the like of which he had not known before.

Then the Child went onwards and saw the Red Rose, and straightway was consumed with a passionate longing to have the Rose for his very own, henceforth for evermore. And he put forth his hand and plucked the flower. And its fragrance and loveliness filled him with greater joyance than he had erstwhile wotted of; he said, "Now is this Red Rose mine own, henceforward for evermore."

In the morning the Rose was dead and withered up; and sorrow and sadness made themselves known to the Child. He wept.

Then Satan came and spoke to the Child, and the Child answered him, for with sorrow came understanding of the language of the Kingdom of Darkness. Satan said, "Why do you weep?"

"I plucked the Rose, and now it is withered and dead. You have had it. Let its memory serve you."

"Nay. The memory is of the Past. How shall that serve the Present?"

"There will be more Roses in the Future."

"What is the Future?"

"The unattainable."

"When will be the Future?"

"Never."



"Where is the Future?"

"None know."

"I will go seek the Future."

And Satan laughed.

The Child straightway set out on his quest, and from that hour his burden of Sorrow and Sadness grew over heavier; he forgot the meaning of Gladness; his beauty faded like the plucked Rose; his youth changed to age; he was no longer a Child, but an old man; and when his time came, he died.

Then the Soul of the Child passed to the Gate of Heaven.

He that guarded the Gate said, "What would'st thou?"

The Soul of the Child answered: "I seek the Future, and would search Heaven for it."

The Guard of Heaven said: "Here in Heaven it is the Ever-Present; we know not what that is thou seekest."

Then the Child's Soul went to Hell. There is none to guard the gate of Hell—all Souls may freely enter Hell without let or hindrance. Of some that were about Hell's gate the Soul of the Child inquired: "I seek the Future—is it to be found in Hell?"

"So some say."

"Have any found it?"

"Not yet."

"I will search to the uttermost limits of Hell till I find it."

"So have said many of the souls that have entered here; but they erred."

"How so?"

"Hell has no limits—none can ever complete his search."

The Soul of the Child passed on; and to this day it fares in Hell, searching for the Future.

SIGURD.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

#### The Bible and Science.

SIR,—I see in your to-day's number you quote a letter of mine in the "Agnostic Journal" on "Space Society." You are already aware, though some of your readers may not be, that I consider the Heavens and Hells of Religion not authorised by the Bible. But that the Biblical Heavens are the actual visible Heavens now being studied by astronomers.

But if what has been taught in the name of the Bible is erroneous, does that vitiate the hopes of Immortality that the Bible holds out to us?

To answer this, must we not consider, if the real visible Heavens are habitable, if an Immortal Community could exist in them?

My contention is: The Bible asserts that such Immortal Society does exist, and offers proofs, but in very veiled language.

What authority has the Bible for saying so?

The question of a Universal or Space Society, the only Society, as I think, that could give us enjoyable Immortality, seems totally distinct from the subjects many of your readers are studying, and does not in any way affect such studies.

The boundary between Psychical and Physical seems by no means made clear yet; and a vast number of psychical forces, some of very low type, may be working on this earth and connected to it. There have always been workers on this subject.

But the question of Space Society could not have been equally studied, because it is comparatively only recently we knew of the countless worlds around us.

REJECTED.

#### Matter through Matter.

SIR,—In reply to "Inquirer," in "LIGHT" of August 13th, I am bound to acknowledge, as a Spiritualist of long standing, strange as it would seem if there were no science higher than physiology, that nothing appears to me more evident than that spirits are able to pass matter through matter; the testimony is so wide as to be overwhelming. I have not, I believe, been to more than a score or two dozen seances in the course of a long life, nor to any seance for the last fourteen years about, but at three of these seances matter has passed through matter, I can hardly doubt, in my presence; once in broad daylight, at a seance organised by that profound scientist, Dr. Pardou, the late Mr. Herne and Mr. Charles Williams being the mediums. Of course, where there are chimneys a doubt may exist, but many cases occur where chimneys are not available. I asked a spirit twenty years or more ago: "Can matter pass through matter?" It answered: "You pass through matter when you pass through

a door, don't you?" That, I think, was not an incorrect reply to my question. Something was, of course, withheld (*viz.*), that the spirit makes the temporary door for the material object to pass through. Professor Crookes, F.R.S., the renowned inventor of the radiometer, tells us that a handbell passed from one room to another in his house, while the doors were shut. In a lecture, given in Paris before Gambetta, Professor Crookes showed that even gas is composed of an infinite number of little particles or molecules, which are necessarily in movement. But what is more surprising, the great scientist and astronomer, M. Camille Flammarion, tells us: "A cannon ball is composed of invisible molecules which do not touch each other. Its inner structure is as an eddying swarm of little gnats dashing about in the air on a summer's day." And with this principle as our groundwork we may imagine that a spirit hand may have the spiritual power of passing a material object through a brick wall or a closed glass case, as we could pass it through a cloud of gnats, which close their serried ranks again as soon as the object has passed through them.

T. W.

#### Dreams.

SIR,—I was much interested in Madame de Steiger's article on "Symbolic Dream Vision," in the last number of "LIGHT," and cannot but hope that it may excite some correspondence on the subject of dreams in your columns.

To those who are, like myself, persistent and generally coherent dreamers, it always appears extraordinary that the manifestations of the seances, conveyed, as they are, through the channels of our physical organs, and appealing to our sense impressions, should be considered of such vastly greater importance than the impressions received by our more transcendental perceptions during the periods of sleep.

There are many questions on this matter which I should like to see opened out in your interesting paper. For instance, are the dreamers of instructive, or prophetic, dreams to be considered mediumistic in the ordinary sense of the word? Does the nature of a person's dreams develop or deteriorate as life goes on, either in consonance with spiritual progress, or with mere physical conditions? Is there not a distinct quality in the dreams which seem sent to foretell, or to warn, which attracts the attention of the dreamer, and remains in his memory after awakening?

While thus endeavouring to elicit expressions of faith or opinion from others, I may briefly add, for my own part, that I believe that those who have the gift of true dreaming are sensitives with the mentality too well knit and the will holding too firmly to its central command to throw themselves open to unseen visitants or to astral impressions during enforced trance, though their transcendental self may go through similar experiences in wandering through the realms of sleep.

That the whole character of our dreams, not merely as regards incident and personages, does undergo development or retrogression as the mental and moral character of the individual dreamer deteriorates or aspires, I feel quite sure. And that one seldom or ever meets the *eidolon* of a person in dreamland who is not more or less *en rapport* with one's mentality, I am almost equally certain, though, on both these points, I should like to gather the experiences of other dreamers. Being myself a "water-dreamer," like Madame de Steiger, I have, with her, arrived at the conclusion that such dreams are generally only *personally* instructive, and have no general applicability. The dream of "streets flooded with dirty water" might possibly have suggested to me some period of troubled domesticity, but would more probably denote disturbance on the spiritual plane. I ought to add that while water dreams almost invariably with me presage mutations or advance in spiritual progress, my few and scanty fire-dreams have always reference to trouble on the temporal plane.

One dream which Madame de Steiger does not refer to is that of carrying about a little baby. This almost invariably presages some form of annoyance or disaster.

MARY L. HANKIN.

#### An Appeal for Help.

SIR,—I am requested by the promoters of the Sunday Meetings at Victoria Hall, Bayswater, W., to ask space for a few words to those of your readers who reside in that district.

The importance of maintaining work here has long been felt, and the meetings in question were started as a trial. Each meeting has been well attended, but the collections



have been totally inadequate to admit of their continuance unless the Spiritualists come forward in a more generous spirit.

It is therefore my wish to draw attention to the fact that it rests entirely with them whether these meetings shall be sustained. The only motive which prompted those who are carrying them on was necessity, and their resolve is that if the work is to be maintained the meetings must be self-supporting.

The promoters wish to publicly tender their thanks for the gratuitous help which the London Spiritualist Federation has rendered, and also for the space assigned in your journal, and sincerely hope that the trial will not prove a failure.

123, Lancaster-road.

PERCY SMYTH.

### SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

**THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.**—Spiritual service each Sunday at 7 p.m. Speaker for Sunday next, Dr. Reynolds. Mr. Bradley will sing a solo previous to the address, which will be continued each Sunday.—J. RAINBOW, Hon. Sec.

**SHEPHERD'S BUSH, 14, ORCHARD-ROAD.**—We had a good meeting on Sunday, when Mr. Mason gave an interesting extract from the "Progressive Thinker," and Mr. Norton's guides delivered an address upon "Universal Love." Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Cable, "Psychometry." Tuesday, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

**SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE.**—An excellent lecture was delivered at this hall, on Sunday, on "The Epitaph of Life." Mr. R. J. Lees, full of incentives to a diviner life, a sweeter love, and higher, holier motives. Life, as in the past with all great souls, must be lived as they lived it; evermore doing the will of our Heavenly Father by service to humanity. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., friendly meeting; evening, at 7 p.m., Miss Rowan Vincent, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" Thursday at 7.45 p.m., seance, Mr. Norton. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., seance, Mr. Heasman.—C. I. H.

**KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.**—Victoria Hall, Archer-street, W.—Last Sunday evening an address upon "Unity, Liberty, and Progress" was delivered by Mr. A. M. Rodger, and several friends in the audience commented upon the subject, throwing out some good suggestions in a kindly spirit. The meeting was well attended. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Messrs. Brunker, Price, and Darby. A collection will be made for the benefit of Mr. Wyndoe, who has lately lost one of his children. Help for this staunch Spiritualist worker will be gratefully acknowledged by us.—PERCY SMYTH (for promoters), 123, Lancaster-road, W.

**SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (near the Green).**—We had a very large attendance at the public seance on Wednesday, when a number of tests were given. Inquirers desirous of attending private seances either for investigation or the development of mediumship are requested to communicate as under. We thus hope to greatly obviate the difficulty many have to contend with in the earlier stages of Spiritualistic research. Sunday's circle was helpful to many, and the rostrum was sustained by our members, who testified as to the blessings of spirit communion. Next Wednesday, seance, at 8.30 p.m., with Mr. Coote; and Sunday, public circles for communion, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—W. E. LONG.

**LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION.**—Open-air work. "Field day." Last Sunday the meetings at Victoria Park were a great success, a very large one being held in the afternoon, when great interest was shown by the listeners. Tea was provided in the park. The evening meeting was commenced shortly after 6.30 with our blue banner hoisted. Mr. Percy Smyth took the chair, and amongst the speakers were Messrs. Brunker, Darby, and Emms, the latter showing that it was really a Spiritualist who pioneered open-air work, thirty-three years ago, named Samuel Owen, called "the Hyde Park orator." A quantity of literature was given away. Next field day, September 4th, at Battersea Park. Meetings at 3.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. Speakers: Messrs. Brunker, Brooks, Darby, Emms, King, Veitch, Dever-Summers, Wyndoe, Ward, and several South London friends.—PERCY SMYTH, Organiser.

**THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.**—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spiritualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committee:—America, Mrs. M. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. Webster, 5, Peckville-street, North Melbourne; Canada, Mr. Woodcock, "Watnische," Brookville; Holland, F. W. H. Van Straaten, Apeldoorn, Middelland, 682; India, Mr. Thomas Hatton, Ahmedabad; New Zealand, Mr. Graham, Huntley, Waikato;

Sweden, B. Fortenson, Ado, Christiania; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, French Correspondent, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: the last Sunday in each month at 7.15 p.m., reception for inquirers. Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, The Study of Mediumship. And at 1, Winifred-road, the first Sunday in each month at 7.15 p.m., for reception of inquirers. Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., inquirers' meeting.—J. A.

**PECKHAM RYE.**—Mr. R. J. Lees on Sunday continued his "Review of Spiritualism from the Scientific Standpoint," and took "Researches in Spiritualism," by Professor W. Crookes, as his text book. His audience, which was large, listened with great attention to Mr. Crookes' experiences, the more thoughtful evidently impressed if not convinced. At the close of the lecture the usual opportunity was granted for remarks and questions. By the advice of friends, Mr. Lees laid down a restriction before allowing any person to occupy his platform—that the intended speaker should declare from what plane of theological thought he proposed to make his attack. This advice was given because would-be opponents have a habit of suiting their strictures to the sympathy of the audience, while their private opinions in no way coincide with the arguments they have used, and on Mr. Lees replying to them from the basis they have chosen in their arguments, they repudiate the position. This has happened so often, and notably the Sunday previous, that, on a consultation between Mr. Lees and his supporters, the decision was come to that in future each speaker shall declare his position equally with Mr. Lees, who takes up boldly the name of Spiritualist. This led on Sunday to unruly conduct, but Mr. Lees was firm, and eventually closed the meeting amidst a great uproar.—J. C.

**CARDIFF.**—We are getting a good time here just now. The seance with Mrs. Green, on the 15th inst., was very successful, all except two out of thirty-two descriptions being recognised at the time. Our brother, Mr. George Spriggs, arrived here from London on his farewell visit on the 18th, accompanied by Mr., Mrs., and Miss Everitt and Mr. Sutton, which was an almost unexpected pleasure, and this, their "maiden" visit to Cardiff, has afforded opportunities for intercourse with our gifted friends of an instructive and enjoyable nature. Sunday was indeed a "red letter" day. In the morning Mr. Spriggs related his experiences in a concise and lucid manner; detailing how he was first led to investigate Spiritualism; the irrefutable proofs of spirit intelligence and beneficent guidance received from time to time; his personal experiences during and after development for materialisation phenomena, and his work in Australia—the whole comprising a valuable statement of the personal life work of a medium who, while freely devoting his great medial gifts to the service of spirit people, was yet wisely led to exercise them with due and proper regard to those personal considerations of health and temporal well-being, which it behoves all mediums to bear well in mind. We sincerely trust that Mr. Spriggs will record these experiences in a yet more detailed and lasting form, for the edification and benefit of Spiritualists the world over, and of mediums in particular. Mr. Everitt very kindly occupied the chair, and charmed the audience by his earnest and soul-stirring remarks. The fund of phenomenal occurrences which he is enabled to relate makes his utterances powerful and impressive. In the evening Mrs. Green's controls gave a beautifully touching address upon "Death and the Hereafter," being a lucid statement of the spiritual philosophy, in which its consolations and complete adaptability to man's spiritual nature were forcibly presented. Several clairvoyant descriptions were then given, mostly to strangers, all except two being immediately recognized. When controlled to give the closing invocation, S. C. Hall gave greeting to his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Everitt. At this meeting "the ladies" distinctly "scored." Mrs. Green was supported by Mrs. Barton (of Bristol) who very kindly and efficiently presided, and by Mrs. Everitt (of London) who also occupied a seat on the platform. Our small hall was crowded, and though inconveniently warm it was felt by all who could sense the tone of the meeting that seed was being sown on prepared soil. At social gatherings at the houses of friends Rees Lewis, E. G. Sadler, and J. S. Haviland, impromptu seances have been held, at which striking examples of the "rapping" phenomena occurring through Mrs. Everitt's mediumship and of clairvoyance by Mrs. Green and Mrs. Adams were presented. A round of good things is still, however, in store. A special seance on the 22nd, in which Mrs. Everitt has generously consented to take part with Mrs. Green; a social evening on the 23rd; and a picnic at Lavernock on the 24th will bring to a termination a season of "spiritual refreshing" quite "pentecostal," and which we trust and doubt not will exercise a salutary effect upon our work in Cardiff.—E. A.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. D.—Sorry to refuse, but politics we cannot deal with. That way danger lies.